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In Commemoration of the
11th. Annual reunion of the

Anderson Cavalry

by

John A. B. Williams

1883



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IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

Eleventh Annual Reunion

OF THE

Anderson Cavalry,

DECEMBER 5, 1883.

John A B Williams

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I.

I want to be a Dragoon,
 And with the Dragoons stand—
 To charge a loaded table,
 With knife and fork in hand!
 To hear the cry of onset,
 The clash of blade and spear,
 And see through flame and battle-smoke,
 The viands disappear!

II.

To him—our earliest chieftain,
 Our leader through the war—
 Send greeting from his comrades
 Who won for him the star!
 Though distant, stern, unlovely,
 His head was cool and clear,
 And few would shrink from following
 Our wily Brigadier!

III.

Hail Betts! our modest idol!
 Once corporal in the line,
 The eagles never lighted
 On worthier straps than thine!
 In war the fearless leader,
 By rebel balls shot through—
 In peace the perfect gentleman,
 Kind, courteous, faithful, true!

IV.

What figure rises yonder?
 'Tis Buzby, gallant man!
 Who rode with Colonel Palmer—
 So proudly in the van.
 He tells how Stoneman, swearing,
 Calls Palmer to the fray,
 To clear the town of rebels
 Who hold the van at bay;
 And how the Tennesseans—
 A herd of beaten loons—
 Exclaim with pride as up we ride,
 "Here come the bold Dragoons!"

V.

Lo! from the smoke emerging
Appears Falstaffian Browne,
Who was, though but a private,
A general of renown;
For he, at Murfreesboro,
In spite of threats and sneers,
Sent Colonels to the right-about,
And swore at Brigadiers!

VI.

Alas! the comic minstrel,
Poor Smyth, is gone before!
His voice is still, like Yorick's;
His songs are sung no more.
Let's fill our glasses sadly,
And toast eternal rest
To all the Dragoons who have reached
The camp-ground of the blest!

VII.

For you, surviving comrades,
We sound the supper-call!
Too soon, alas! will follow
Tattoo and taps for all;
A few decades will empty
These chairs that throng the room,
And lay the last old vet'ran
In his last bunk, the tomb!

VIII.

Then forward, *sabreurs*, forward!
Draw knives and forks and spoons;
Pray Heaven no worse engagements
Be yours again, Dragoons!
We want no more the battle-roar,—
Let roars of laughter echo!
The blood we spill is of the still!
Our smoke is of tobacco!

J. A. B. WILLIAMS.



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